

Canibus Lyrics

"Life Liquid"

(feat. Journalist)

(blood spillin in the street)
(the what?)
(blood spillin in the street)
(the what?)

[Journalist]

Yo, Wit two precise niggas
Holdin the right biscuits
There'll be alot cats leakin out their life liquid
Niggaz who actin hard this ain't Columbia Pictures
When we throw two in your ass while you huggin on your mistress
From Philly, wit cats quick to mute you at
Cuckoo cats, twist back your Fubu cap
Crucial, black
Two chicks to screw you at
Then they shove a poolstick where you doodoo at
While you checkin on your pagers
Weapons in your faces
Shot blazin
Cops section off the pavement
Hoppin out with gauges
Prepare for the occasion
We throw about eight in
The house that you was raised in
Mouthin off, fakin will make you a ?mouth? patient
Achin, with your arms in a alcohol basin
And while your brain's achin'
Imma have your dame slavin'
Cocaine and apron
Over a flame bakin'

[Hook]

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gett shot by standard
[Journalist] y'all better duck when you hear the cannon
[Both] Or y'all be checkin for leaks -
Niggas'll have your blood spillin in the street

[Journalist] Niggas take it for granted -
until they layin dead on the granite
[Canibus] Innocent bystanders gettin shot by standard
[Journalist] y'all shoulda ducked when y'all heard the cannon -
Now you layin deceased
[Both] Niggas'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Canibus]

Can you feel it? Nothin can save ya
Cause this is the season of the infrared laser
And since I got time, What I'm gonna do
Is show you how you can get spotted by one too
Cause I don't give a fuck
I just cock back and bust
With more arms than an octopus
As if one gun wasn't enough
I fuck around and pull eight out
Blast your face off or blow your brains out
Nigga, I'll leave you laid out
Then I pull the gat in my waist out
Put it in your mouth
And keep squeezin till the whole clip is sparyed out
Take the gun in my ankle brace out
Shoot you in the stomach till I see the last meal you ate drain out
Your face look spaced out
I gut you like a trout
And scream my name out while I'm scrapin your rib cage out
Squeeze with the index, spray like a bottle of windex
Bullets buzzin by your head like insects
From your head to your mid-sec'
And I ain't even shoot you in the legs or your limbs or your dick yet
Your masculinity is questionable
You probably a homosexual
Just the thought of havin a woman lay next to you probably threatens you
You probably look at grapes and see testicles
You probably fantasize about vegetables
like cucumbers and bananas havin sex with you
And you probably let gerbles crawl up your rectum too
Shame on you
I defecate on you and simultaneously (urinate) on you
Pour some acid rain on you
I stop your heartbeat with heat
You weak nigga, I'll leave your blood spillin in the street

[Hook]

[Both]

Ayyo Journalist what you workin with?
Old school burners with
-Barrels big enough for you head to fit in the circle shit
What you holdin Canibus?
30 bullet banana clips
Just to handle a kick I gotta glue it to my hands and shit
We got permits to murder shit
We critically injure niggas who deserve the shit
Put em in a tournaquet
Bomb proof Suburbans with [?]/track to tread size?
so we can ride through the dirt with it
Drive over curbs with it
[?] in it, even over slippery surfaces

We can swerve in it
And crash into niggas who don't insert their shit
Try stoppin it dudes
You gotta be bruised, cockin the tools
And knock you out your socks and your shoes
We'll leave you shoeless and keep shootin
Look how much life liquid you losin
You need a blood transfusion
In the back of a medic truck
Shots in your neck and gut
While we holdin our weapons up
I'm still reppin' Philly - what?

blood spillin in the street
the what?
blood spillin in the street
the what?

[Hook]